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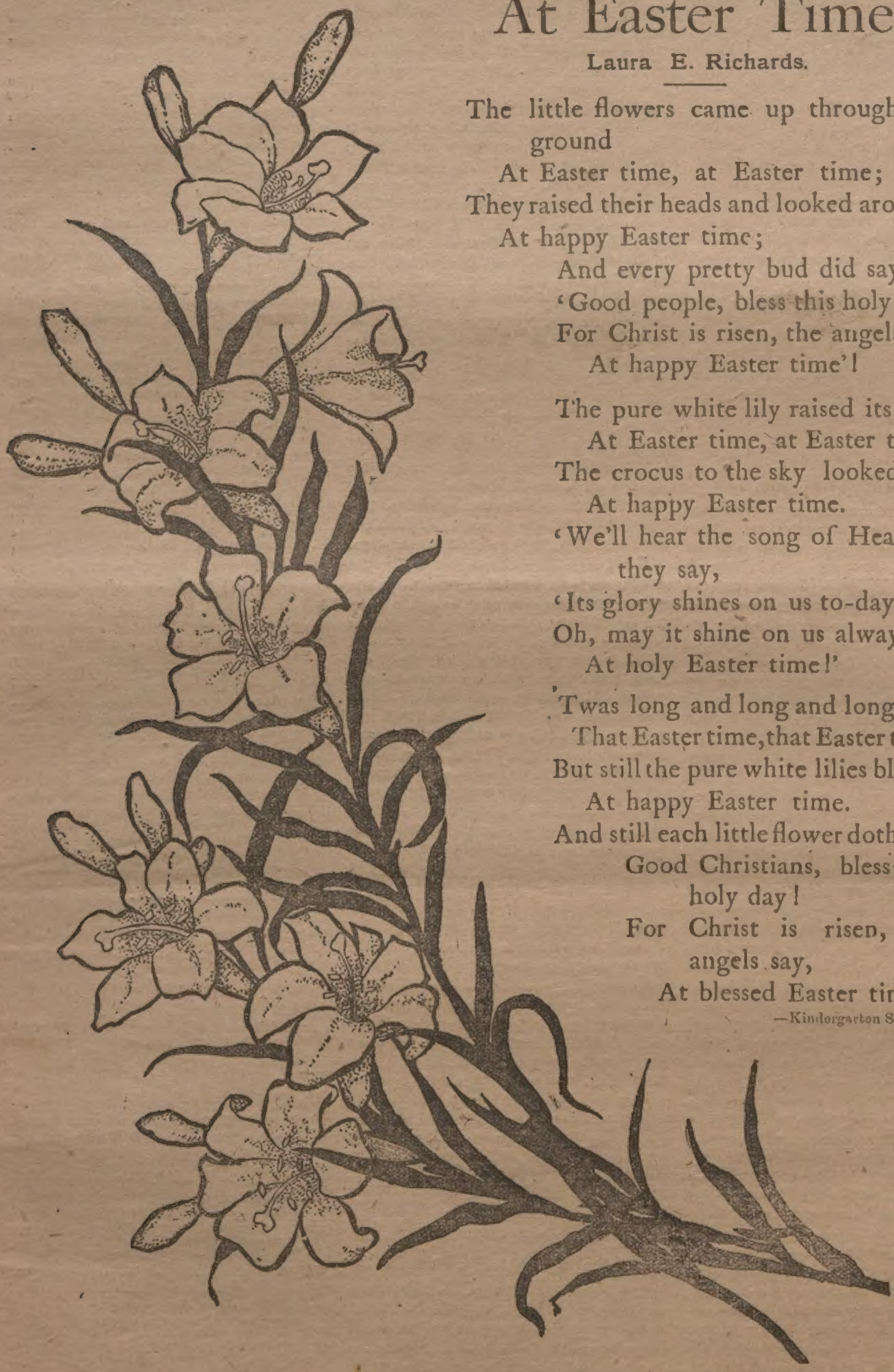

At Easter Time.

Laura E. Richards.

The little flowers came up through the ground
At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time;
And every pretty bud did say,
'Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At happy Easter time'!

The pure white lily raised its cup,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up,
At happy Easter time.
'We'll hear the song of Heaven! they say,
'Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh, may it shine on us alway,
At holy Easter time!'

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow,
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
Good Christians, bless this holy day!
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter time!

—Kindergarten Song.

Easter.

'Questioning with one another what the rising from the dead should mean.'

(Anna D. Walker.)

It is to us the token
That Death hath lost its power.
That Christ its spell has broken,
Oh, hail the glorious hour!

It shows to us the glory
Around the op'ning tomb,
It tells to us the story,
Dispels the night of gloom.

Our eyes behold the Saviour
Arising in His might,
To bring to us His favor,
Oh, sacred Easter bright!

It means the open portal,
The riven, empty grave,
The blessed life immortal,
The Saviour's power to save.

It is a revelation
That nothing can exceed,
It means to us salvation,
The Lord has risen indeed!

Oh, spread the tidings glorious,
Oh, spread them far and wide;
Oh, sing, ye saints, victorious,
All hail the Easter Tide.

Easter Customs.

The custom of sending presents of eggs at Easter is a very primitive one. From the earliest ages eggs have been regarded not only as the type, but as the origin of life. It was, therefore, natural that at this season of the year, when Christ's resurrection life was commemorated, our fathers should have embodied that idea in the sending of presents of eggs to their friends. In the book that records the household expenses of Edward I. one of the items of expenditure for Easter is '450 eggs stained and covered with gold leaf.' One of the popes sent Henry VIII. an egg in a silver case. As early as 1589 eggs were in Russia the most treasured of exchanges at Easter. People went about with their pockets filled with colored eggs, and exchanged them with their friends. The Druids regarded the eggs as the symbol of the sun, and believed it hatched from itself the earth and all other planets. The Chinese, the Burmese, the Syrians, and some other ancient and modern nations believed that all things sprang mysteriously from an egg. They do not seem to have troubled themselves much with the question, 'Where did the egg come from?' To them this was a small matter, but the idea that the egg was the origin of life probably accounted for the custom of making presents of eggs at Easter—the time of the year at which new life begins, and at which people are more particularly reminded that the life they now possess need never perish. The legend about the bird hatching her eggs in a tree overlooking the sepulchre in which Christ was buried, and singing hopeless dirges until she saw the angels come and roll away the stone and saw Christ come forth, is well known; but it is not so well known that the very early Christians neither observed Easter nor Christmas, nor any other festival, but only endeavored to promote a life of piety and blamelessness. In former times, and even yet in some places on the continent, passion plays, in which all the events of Christ's trial, death and resurrection were acted before immense audiences, were carried out, and must have done much, at a time when all books were scarce and learning was rare, to keep before the minds of the people the principal circumstances in the gospel story with regard to the life of Christ. The effect of Easter upon art is well known. Since the days of Giotto and Rembrandt the resurrection of Christ has been a subject on which the most eminent painters have bestowed their attention, and which they endeavored to interpret. To ourselves Easter is not less interesting because it commemorates an event in the life of Jesus Christ, which is one of the best attested miracles in his history, and which confirms us in the belief of his divine character and mission. Thus Easter has not only remarkable historical association but a sociable as well as religious influence on the community which will prevent it from soon dying, and which will tend to perpetuate its observance in some form or other among us, and cause it to become increasingly popular as the years go by, and as Christianity becomes more and more the religion of the human race.—Selected.

The Corn of Wheat.

Let me say to you that the whole of the Christian religion is based on the death of Christ and his resurrection following. You have often read the biography of some one that has been distinguished in our days. While you read that book you will notice that there is an account in that man's life of what he has done; what he did to make himself famous. It traces it to the hour when he sinks and dies and the curtain falls. He is one of the past. Now, our Lord Jesus Christ's history is wholly different. It is not so much what he did in this life as what he did in his death. I take this and ask you to take notice carefully of the language of St. John. It is the language of inspiration, the language of our Lord, 'Verily, verily'; the double verily implies a very solemn statement, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.' If you take the corn of wheat and put it away in a dry cellar, our Lord says, it abideth alone. Our Lord says that, in order to make that corn of wheat produce results, it must be buried in the earth and die. Now the corn of wheat of which we speak was himself, Jesus Christ. He was placed upon the cross and he died, but was not left alone, for that death has caused the harvest of the world. When the Lord Jesus Christ said, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' the answer comes to-day that over four hundred millions of people bow the knee to him and call him Christ the Lord. The death of that corn of wheat was that which resulted in the harvest of the great company of the redeemed.—Bishop Baldwin.

Life From the Dead.

(The Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.)

The lesson of Easter is the declaration of victorious life. It is a time for paeans and jubilations—a season of fair blossoms, splendid music, bright faces, when the funereal and the melancholy have little place, and glad praise seems the one thing fitting.

Physical life is then triumphing over a natural death. Nature is waking up from one more winter's sleep. City streets, indeed, afford little evidence of incipient bloom; but how blessed to keep Easter in the country, where Nature, with its reviving glories seems but a 'schoolmaster' to bring the soul to the risen Christ!

Many even of the habitual residents of the cities can recall at Easter-tide happy boyhood or girlhood rambles over mountain crags, adown shady dells, or over the fertile meadows—then, after the icy death of winter, looking with keen eye for this or that floral evidence of returning spring, mayhap an arbutus-spray, or a pretty fern or just a bud or two. How simply natural and delightfully free it all was! Then you were young, and the world seemed fair, and you believed in everybody, (for none had yet deceived you,) and 'death' had really no place in your vocabulary, for all things seemed instinct with life, and there was a spring to your step and a laugh in your eye, as after a day in forest or on hill-top you bounded back through the gloaming to find the dear old mother on the home-porch waiting to receive with sweet kiss your gleeful greeting.

You never thought of 'resurrection' then—you had no need of one; sorrow had not pierced you with its poignant dart, disease had not weakened you with incessant attacks, disappointment had not chilled the genial currents of your soul; death, though it hath passed upon all men had not yet consciously passed upon you.

But now? Has there not come to you with the passage of the years a certain hungry yearning for a thing called 'life,' which is the eternal opposite of all this death of hope and of feeling which you have experienced; and if so, how can you win it? Is this life-principle marketable, buyable? is its value quoted on 'Change? No! Is it obtainable? Yes! If so, where, how? It is Christ's gift—it comes of the life of Jesus in the soul.

Look not, then, wistfully or hopelessly backward—the old experience returns not. Look expectantly onward and upward and seek that life from the dead—'out of' or 'away from' the dead—which is the free gift of him who hath in his Gospel brought to light, and to human use and enjoyment, life and immortality.

Such is the real Easter lesson. Its logic is as blessed as it is simple: 'Christ rose—we, too, shall rise.' Christ is victor, and we are already conquerors through him. Wealth of Easter decoration and beauty of feast-day music emphasize this thought. If they do not, they are spiritless and all vain. But true hearts and humble read in the flowers and hearken in the chorals to the announcement of the glad spiritual message of life from the dead.

Mail Bag.

John Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—We did not get our last week's 'Northern Messenger,' and we would like if you would kindly send us one, if you have one left, as we are keeping the story of 'Daph; or Saved in a Basket,' for our little boy's scrap-book, so we would not like to miss a paper. I took the paper when I was a little girl, but the story seems new to me, although I read it in the 'Messenger' then. We all think of your paper as if some of the family were missing; we were really lonesome for it.

Wishing you success in your work of good, we remain, yours truly,

MR. AND MRS. WM. CORNEIL,
Havelock, Ont.

P.S.—The paper missing is dated Mar. 18.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOYS AND GIRLS ALL OVER CANADA can make money easily. See money-making prize winning Owl and Monkey competition picture elsewhere in this paper.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Easter Offerings.

(Laura J. Rittenhouse, in the 'Banner.')

Ben Carruthers and his sister Hannah were walking slowly along the country road on their way home from Sunday-school.

The sweet odors of early spring were in the soft air; the short grass was green and abundant; a few of the forest trees were beginning to show a haze of green. Here and there the fragrant flowers of the wild plum-trees caught the sunbeams in their white petals and clasped them closely to their pretty, brown hearts, while the daisy-like dogwoods made a lovely contrast to the purplish pink of the red buds.

The two young people became thoughtful.

'To tell the truth, I'm not sure I know what she meant yet,' Ben said meditatively. 'It's the first time I ever thought of Easter Sunday as anything but a time for colored eggs, laid by mysterious hens. The idea of it as a resurrection time is something new.'

'It isn't quite fair to mamma to say that, Ben. You know she has always taught us that Christ rose again then. Still, I own I never thought of it in the way Miss Wayne put it to-day. It seems strange to compare the awakening of the spring—the coming back of life into trees and grass and flowers—to the resurrection.'

'And yet it is like it. Just look around a minute, Hannah. A few weeks ago that old tree was bare and black, no sign of life about it; and now every twig and branch is covered with little leaves. It is scarcely a month since the earth was brown and frozen; to-day the wild-flowers are showing themselves, and the grass is as green as if it had been here always. It is, indeed, as Miss Wayne said, Nature's great resurrection time, and her glory.'

'It's the most beautiful thing I've ever thought of. Somehow it makes me feel nearer to God—as if we were a part of him. But I can't understand Miss Wayne asking for Easter offerings. She knows there is hardly a child in our Sunday-school able to give anything, and it isn't like her to ask us to do impossibilities,' Hannah said gravely.

'No, it isn't. I've puzzled over it ever since. What could we give, now?' Ben asked disdainfully. Look at us; patches and darns till we are sights to behold. If I hadn't rubbed blacking on my toes, they would be grinning now through the holes in my shoes.'

'And see this lovely hair-ribbon; an old tape string dyed in bark water,' Hannah said bitterly.

'It doesn't look badly; it isn't as horrible as feeling gritty blacking on your toes all day. But your dress is too short, sis. I wish I could buy you another.'

'And I wish I could buy you a pair of shoes, Ben; but what's the good wishing? We'll have to go on wearing our shabby, outgrown clothes till we can go out and earn new ones. The idea of asking us for Easter offerings!' and tears of indignation and wounded pride forced themselves into Hannah's eyes, hard as she tried to restrain them.

'Somehow I felt as if Miss Wayne had a double meaning in her words. Don't you remember how emphatically she said there wasn't one of us so poor but that we might bring to the Lord an acceptable gift? That we might give up things to please him, and by so doing make ourselves happier and better? I was puzzled to understand her then, and I am yet,' said Ben, wrinkling up his forehead, as he did when things bothered him.

Hannah was silent a while.

'I give it up, Ben. Let's wait and ask mother.'

So that evening, as they sat on the porch in front of their humble home, Ben told his mother about Miss Wayne's request.

Mrs. Carruthers thought it over silently a while.

'There are so many ways of making offerings, you know, children. In olden times there was spilt blood and burnt offerings. Then gold and silver and sweet spices were offered. It was all done as a sacrifice, and at a sacrifice of personal pleasure, no doubt, just as it would be now for us to give up or deprive ourselves of things for the Lord's work.'

'Yes, mother, it's easy talking about doing without things, but what could Ben and I do without, I'd like to know? Would it do any good if Ben sacrificed his pride by leaving the blacking off his toes, and letting them show through his shoes next Sunday; or for me to tie back my hair with a white tape string instead of a dyed one? And suppose we did, we should have no gold or silver or spices to offer after all,' Hannah interrupted.

'My dear, there are gifts more precious than the ones you have mentioned. I just think Miss Wayne referred to them when she spoke of giving up things for the Master. For instance, you could give up some ugly habit, some besetting sin, and thus partially resurrected from evil, present purer hearts to the Lord next Sunday.'

'Well, of all the ideas I should never have conceived, you have struck the one, mother. Anyhow, what particularly bad habits have Ben and I?' Hannah asked complacently, very much as if she believed her question unanswerable.

Mrs. Carruthers looked at her intently, a faint smile trembling on her lips.

Presently Hannah's face began to grow heated.

'Oh, mother, I think you're a little hard on me! I know I'm hot-headed and quick-tempered, and that I'm not contented with my old clothes, even after you've half put your dear eyes out darning and mending them to make them decent; but that isn't so very bad. Other girls——'

'This is not a question of other girls, Hannah. It concerns you individually. Is your own life made better or worse by giving up to your ugly impulses?'

'Mother, you know I feel horrid every time I've had a tantrum, and I'm so hateful I know every one else must wish me in Halifax. I always want to box my own ears when I think of it afterward; but I can't see what this has to do with the resurrection and Easter offerings, after all,' Hannah said inquiringly.

'Well, see if this will make things any plainer. We will say your bad habits enclose you as the chrysalis does the butterfly. Suppose by some inward struggles you could break away from this ugly old shell of habits, and next Sunday, having thus been born into a new life, you could present the beautiful, clean heart to the Lord as an Easter offering. Do you believe either gold or silver would be more acceptable, my daughter?'

'I'm sure they would not, mother. I believe—I've half a mind to try it, anyhow. But what is Ben to do? He never flies into tantrums and does hateful things he's ashamed of a week after,' said Hannah, as she looked at her brother fondly.

Now it was Ben's turn to feel his face grow hot and uncomfortable.

'Oh, well, sis, no fellow is perfect, you know. I—I—well, mother, I'm going to be honest and confess. I've felt like a thief every time you've looked at me for a week. The other fellows—Joe and Richard—have been teasing and guying me so dreadfully, and calling me a "Miss Nancy," because I wouldn't smoke cigars or cigarettes with them. I stood it quite a while, and told them the things you have taught me about the harmfulness of tobacco; but they only ridiculed me all the more. Then—it was awfully silly, I know—but it did seem so manly to puff smoke through one's nose, and—well, I've been trying it for a week now.'

He stopped abruptly, ashamed to meet the look of grieved surprise in his mother's face.

'Oh, Ben, I wouldn't have believed it of you! How could you?' and Hannah's tears began to flow, for Ben was her model and the pride of her heart.

'Well, you needn't go crying now, Hannah. If I were not ashamed of myself, and if I didn't intend to quit, I'd never have told you folks at all. Of course, you won't have faith in me for a long time, after I've once deceived you; but you'll be bound to have when you find I've really given it up,' Ben said manfully.

'Of course we'll have faith in you, Ben, you darling!' Hannah said, hugging him, while his mother pressed his hand reassuringly.

'My own dear boy, I'm sure I can trust you,' she said tenderly.

When the afternoon of Easter Sunday came, Ben laughed as he gave his sockless toes an extra polish.

'It isn't black beneath the skin, as you know, and I can wash it off to-night. It seems so different from last Sunday. I believe I'm a better boy, mother; I know I'm happier.'

'And the tape hair-ribbon isn't so ugly, after all. Indeed, I don't see how mother ever made it such a pretty color,' Hannah said gratefully.

'The difference is in your own hearts, children,' Mrs. Carruthers said, smiling lovingly.

And then, with only their hands full of wild-flowers for Miss Wayne, they presented themselves at Sunday-school.

When the beautiful lesson was over, and the children were called upon for their Easter offerings, it required real effort for Hannah to rise to her feet.

'I bring to the Lord as my offering a life which I shall strive hereafter to keep free from hasty temper and all ugly impulses!'

She sat down trembling, but the children did not laugh, as she had feared they would.

Ben got up, and Hannah thought him

very handsome and noble, in spite of his ragged shoes and patched clothing.

'And I give to the Lord a life that shall for evermore be free from the vile tobacco habit,' he said courageously.

Richard and Joe fidgeted and felt guilty and uncomfortable, while Miss Wayne's face was beaming.

'These are true Easter offerings! How many more of you young people are willing to sacrifice some cherished fault, as these two have done?'

No one stirred for a while, then Richard got up.

'I am! I give up smoking. I coaxed Ben into it. I'm sorry. I'm ashamed of myself. Somehow it seems different from what it did before——' Richard got no further and sat down in confusion, but very earnest in his new purpose.

'Me, too!' piped up a faint voice, but Joe's legs were too weak to support him.

'You've forgotten your grammar, Joe, but your resolution is beautiful,' Miss Wayne said encouragingly.

So it spread—the boys giving up their drinking and swearing, the girls making temperance pledges and casting aside their worst faults—until it seemed as if the old log church would be filled with the chrysalides of their sins, while the beautified new lives would go out into the world to illuminate and help make it better.

Towser's Failing.

'The poor dog is tired out,' said Mary, as the waggon drove into the yard, and Towser, covered with the dust of the road, dropped lolling and panting upon the grass.

' 'Tisn't the journey he had to take that's tired him,' laughed the farmer. 'He's used himself up by zigzagging from one side of the road to the other and tendin' to everything that didn't concern him. He couldn't pass a gate without runnin' right through it to see what was on the other side, nor see a hen anywhere along the road without feelin' called on to chase her. Every dog that barked started him to barkin' and everything that moved took him out of his way to find out what it was and where it was goin'. No wonder he's tired! But you'll find plenty of human bein's that are travellin' their lives through in just that same way. They ain't satisfied with the bit of road that's marked out for them, but are always watching their neighbor's goin's and doin's, and take charge of no end of things that they can't either help or hinder. They're like old Towser; it wears 'em out. If they'd follow straight after the Master and not invent so many extra cares for themselves, the road wouldn't be nigh so long nor hard.'—'Waif.'

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The Easter Blossom.

(Emma J. Gray, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

We were walking, my friend and I, on a strongly defined trail in the Adirondack woods, when suddenly she motioned towards a bed of moss, through which partridge vines now gay with scarlet berries ran riotously, then she thoughtfully said: 'The partridge vine means more to me than it does to many people.'

'What does it mean?'

'It means Easter morning and it talks to me of the resurrection of our dear Lord, and also the resurrection of lost faith, the resurrection of all that is good in a young man that I once knew.' I was so surprised at these words that I quietly asked: 'Will you not tell me the young man's story?' And for answer she threw the shawl she was carrying on a log near by, with the action saying, 'I guess we are each tired enough to rest a while,' and motioning for me to choose my place on the log. As nearly as I can remember my friend said:

'I am very happy now whenever I think of Robert Wendell as I shall name him, though I was not always happy about him; my heart often seemed too full of anxiety, too full of sorrow for utterance.'

'But,' I interjected, 'you make everybody's trouble yours.'

'Oh, no, my heart is no more easily touched than are others; anybody's heart could not fail but ache who really understood Robert Wendell's condition. He had lost his way, just as entirely as we would lose our way in this great forest if we went too far from the trail. Robert Wendell was trying to find happiness without the Bible and without God.

'I did not meet him until he was in this perilous condition, and about that same time, I met a cousin of his, who told me of Robert's early youth. His cousin explained that Robert was a continual student of the Bible, and seemed to have unusual interest in all matters pertaining to theology, and when but twelve years of age he made a confession of his faith in Christ and united with the Church. That Robert was such an earnest Christian soldier, his parents had frequently expressed the thought that he might become a minister of the Gospel. This was also Robert's own desire when he entered college. And then what a sad change came.'

'Why, how could that happen?'

'It was all the work of one of the professors; he had noticed the peculiar trend of the boy's mind, and as a professor was more of a follower of Spencer's writings than of the sacred Scriptures, he enjoyed talking with Robert, not so much to undo the boy's faith as to enrich his own thought with Robert's fresh replies, and youthful logic, and Robert enjoyed talking with the professor. But while Robert did not understand the terrible precipice on which he stood, he did understand that the thoughts the professor gave him were altogether new, very different from those he had received from his mother and father. However, Robert had a love for mysticism, and his mind would pleasantly revel in the new ideals which the professor inculcated, and though Robert ask for bread and his admired professor gave him a stone, he took it and hugged it to his heart, and would go to Darwin, Huxley and many skeptical writers for further explanation of the stone which the professor had given, and only too soon Robert Wendell was a complete unbeliever. He believed neither in the Bible, nor Heaven, nor Hell. He thought that his life ended all, that there was no hereafter for man any more than for the beast that perisheth.

'The Wendell household was very unhappy when they learned that the boy on whom so many hopes were centred, had given up his trust in God, had lost all his faith in the Bible; in fact, was a thorough skeptic. Indeed the entire family were all heart-broken, and all but his grandmother were discouraged when as year followed year Robert showed no sign of return to his old faith. Robert's mother died during this period; indeed, some people went so far as to say that her son's skepticism had caused his mother's death, and Robert though loving his mother beyond words to describe, said good-bye to her believing that he would never again see her, that she would no more enter eternal life than would his dog who had died but the week before her. But his grandmother would say to the family, when they would talk about Robert's great loss: "Keep on praying, God is above and beyond Spencer, God is able to save to the uttermost; some time our Robert, like the prodigal son, will return to his Father." '

'And did he?' I again interrupted. 'Oh, tell me quick, I cannot endure the awful thought of the young man wandering in the dark.'

'Yes, he came back, and now no little child has a more perfect trust—a truer love for the Lord Christ, and I will tell you just how this change happened. Robbert had had an attack of bronchitis which left his throat and lungs considerbly weakened, but the physician said, there is no reason why Robert should not regain complete health, provided he will remain for a year in the Adirondacks. Therefore an arrangement was made for him to live with a family who kept a summer hotel, but as they made the hotel their home the year round, they were willing to have Robert with them. The family who kept this hotel were true Christian people, and while they were altogether without the knowledge of Robert's skepticism, they would often make remarks about the Bible that were difficult to set aside, and as Robert knew that these remarks were not made on his behalf, he was willing to receive them.

'One evening the hotel proprietor handed Robert the book "Ben Hur," asking him at the same time if he knew that Lew Wallace had once been a skeptic. To this question Robert told me he simply said, "Yes." But the proprietor insisted on repeating the well known incident of how "Ben Hur" came to be written; that Robert Ingersoll had asked Lew Wallace to write a book denouncing God and the Bible, and that he had replied, he would think about it. And when Lew Wallace went to the Bible so as to learn how best to overthrow its doctrine, and after spending six years in the study of the Old and New Testaments, and travelling throughout Palestine to learn if the geography part was correct, he was convinced that skepticism was wrong and he emphatically stated, not only is God a true God, but

he is my God, after which conviction and statement he wrote Ben Hur. And Robert further explained, that while he was familiar with the incident, he had never been as directly impressed, as when the proprietor told the story, and he thought, why should I not be as just as was Lew Wallace; why should not I give the Bible a like trial? So he resolved to buy a Bible and study it as honestly as was possible. Then, too, about this period he received a letter from a young man friend, that he had not met for some years. They had been Sunday-school boys together, but since Robert's going to college, their ways had diverged, and his friend had never learned of Robert's skepticism; a part of the letter referred to the death of our late President, William McKinley, dwelling on the thought of the pure life and the sublime ending which he made. That is one of the grandest sermons of the age, a testimony to the power of grace, that puts the best pulpit efforts to the blush. I don't believe there has been a respectable man in the land, who as he read of that peaceful and resigned departure, has not felt or said, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

'Robert read the letter over twice before putting it one side, and he kept on thinking of the words "respectable man," and then he put the question, "Am I not a respectable man?" Therefore through this winter in the Adirondacks, when Robert had so little outside companionship, the conversation of the hotel man and the letter from his friend had unusual power. Was it really the conversation and the letter which was the power, was it not rather the faith of the dear old grandmother and the power of prayer. God was sorry for him, sorry as he always is for the prodigal son, but he would not have Robert return to him, if Robert did not wish to. Robert had to come to that desire himself. God was more than willing to receive Robert back, but Robert had to be full of desire to go back. This full desire, full victory over skepticism was gained on Easter morning. Robert had had many a debate with himself, but now in the vague hope that peace would soon come, for he was very unhappy, he walked out to enjoy as far as was possible, the beauty of the sunny Easter morning. Robert had not gone far when he noticed a tiny fern frond and at once it reminded him of his mother. "Is she dead, always to be dead," he asked himself, "and I never to see her again, and this fern to live again —this fern that seemed altogether dead all the long winter?" But Robert had yet a longer fight to make, for many infidel thoughts again flooded the young man's mind, and so unsatisfied he felt, that he stamped the tiny ferns out of sight, for he could not bear to see them in their fresh living green. But try as he might he could not get away from the new life. It was over head in the branches, it was under foot in the ferns and mosses, even the forest birds sang one to the other, as if they wanted to tell all the trees and all the slumbering wild wood vines, brushes and flowers, that the Lord is risen to-day. Yes, everything sang or spoke as clearly as Nature could, of the resurrection of Christ. Robert was so full of thought, he almost lost the trail, and while he waited to discover which trees were marked, he leaned against a tall pine, when on a sudden, as his eyes swept about, he saw a tiny flower, pure, delicate, and beautiful as the partridge blossom can be. It had unfolded on Easter day, and at once Robert compared it to his mother, she too was pure and beautiful, and then Robert further explained, it seemed as if he saw the open tomb, so clear was his vision, and a voice spoke to him saying, "He is not here, come see the place where the Lord lay. I am the Resurrection and the Life. In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you," and thus verse followed verse from the Bible. Robert trembled with his many thoughts, and this thought came: "My Father's house, my Father, as he is immortal I am immortal," and unable to fight the battle longer, he fell on his knees by the big pine tree and exclaimed, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

'He told me he sang all the way back to the hotel, sang the hymns of his boyhood. He said that every leaf on every tree just seemed to talk and say, "Christ is risen," and when he reached his room he thanked God for all the way which had led him back to faith. He thanked God for the thought that he would again see his mother, and for the blessed surety that he would see his Saviour. He felt indeed a new creature, for him infidel books were to be forever closed, and from Easter day, Robert Wendell has had the trustful faith, of whom our Saviour said, "Except we become as such, we could not enter into the kingdom." '

'And now,' continued my friend as she rose, 'you know what the partridge vine means to me.'

'Yes, it means Easter morning, the resurrection of our Christ and the promise that his servants shall see him, that they shall behold the King in his beauty.'

Dangers of Excessive Study.

A student in the Department of Engineering in Ann Arbor University, died suddenly in his rooms the other morning from excessive study. He had been studying several successive nights as late as 3 a.m., in prepartion for the final examination. Suddenly one night he felt a terrible pain in his head, and shortly after, crying, 'Oh, I have broken something,' expired. It is thought that he died through bursting an artery from an excess of blood in the head. This sad event is a warning to a certain class of students, and needs the more to be heeded now that some of the colleges are tempting undergraduates to crowd the work of four years into three or even into two years. That young man had indeed broken something—the laws of health which are the laws of God. Few people of energetic temperament are perhaps wholly guiltless in this regard. It does not do to run past Nature's danger signals. There are times when speed must be slackened and a pause put in. Otherwise something will surely break.—New York 'Observer.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is March, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Easter at Madame Ferrand's.

In May Burton's room at Madam Ferrand's School for Girls a group of the pupils were enjoying the twilight hour. Lou Barker, sitting by the west window, was turning over the leaves of a magazine, regardless of May's expostulations about trying her eyes in the uncertain light. All the others, school-girl fashion, were posing in a variety of attitudes about the room. Nellie Clarke was curled up in an easy chair, half hidden by Anna Gates, who sat upon the arm of the chair, which now and then creaked beneath her weight. Two or three occupied the broad, low couch, while Margaret Lansing nestled in among a pile of cushions upon the floor.

Presently the girl with the magazine said:

'"Easter Novelties!" The advertising world makes much of Easter! Say, girls, what do you think of first, when mention is made of Easter?'

'I think of the new hat which I am afraid I won't get!' exclaimed Nellie Clarke, with a merry laugh, adding, 'I do so love new hats for Easter, and gowns, too, that in my mind the thought of new clothes is inseparably connected with Easter!'

'I think of lilies always—pure white lilies! And I mean to order a lot from the city—they seem so appropriate, so pure and fragrant.' This from May.

And then Margaret Lansing said: 'It is the music in our church at home that I think of when Easter is mentioned. We always have such exquisite music—a regular programme—of course, there is a sermon, but that don't count for much, the crowd go to hear the music. I wish I were going home for the Easter vacation!'

'Uncle John gave me a huge box of Easter bon-bons last year,' said another girl, 'and the memory of their sweetness comes to me with the thought of the day!'

'There is to be an Easter excursion to New York, and I keep wishing that papa would take me,' said the girl on the arm of the easy chair, while another chimed in, 'I don't see how you can think of anything besides our Easter Charade party, that comes off Easter Monday! I know I'll look like a guy in that Greek costume!'

'Well, Miss Deaconess, what have you to say?' said Lou, addressing a quiet looking girl who had not spoken as yet. 'It is time you came in with a little good sense to season our chatter. Tell us what are the thoughts Easter brings to you.'

Laura Bannister hesitated. These girls were all her dear and familiar friends, yet it was not easy to speak her thoughts when their own, as expressed, seemed so foreign to hers. But the rest urged, 'It is not fair; you have the benefit of our brilliancy, we ought to share yours!' and in response to their exclamations she said:

'My ideas are not brilliant, but it seems to me that there is just one thought that belongs to Easter, and all other thoughts ought to centre in this. It is "newness of life." I suppose new hats and new gowns are all right if we think of them as the outside expression of the thought of putting away the old life and putting on a new life!'

'But I am afraid we don't. I never thought of it that way!' said Nellie Clarke frankly.

'I suppose,' continued Laura, 'that I'll

have a new suit, mamma wrote that she would send a box before Easter, but I would like to celebrate the day in some unusual way.'

'Well, I am sure that I for one am ready for something unusual!' said May; 'I always am! I dote on unusual things! But what can we do out of the ordinary?'

'I have been reading some thoughts on Easter,' said Laura, 'and it seems just as though it would never be just the same to me again—I don't know just how to make it all different—but for one thing, couldn't we girls have a sunrise prayer meeting? Then you remember after the women visited the sepulchre early in the morning, and after Christ appeared to them, they went and told the story of the resurrection. It seems as if we ought to tell somebody the good news.'

The girls were still for a few minutes, while the shadows deepened around them, then May said, 'I wonder how it would be if each of us were to take that thought to ourselves. We'll have the sunrise prayer meeting right here in my room, and if we go out from that meeting with anything to tell, and can find anybody to tell it to, or any way to tell it, we will carry out the suggestion—then we will have another meeting in the evening and relate our experiences!'

'I don't think we need look any farther for "Easter novelties!"' said Lou, with an attempt at gayety, which did not cover the deeper feeling which was stirring the girl's heart.

Easter morning, 'Resurrection Morning,' as Laura said she loved to call it, came bright and fair. May's lilies made the room fragrant and the hearts of the girls were stilled as their eyes rested upon the bank of white blossoms that filled the space above the writing desk.

'I will tell you now,' said May, 'so that you can feel all through the meeting that they are your very own, I am going to divide and give you each a stalk when you go out.'

Laura had been chosen to lead the meeting, but there was not much leading. It was a sweet half hour; a hymn, the story of that first resurrection morning, faintly uttered but heartfelt petitions, and then they went their several ways, afer being reminded by May that they were to come again at evening to tell their experiences.

At that evening hour, Margaret Lansing said, 'Girls, it has been the most blessed Easter I ever spent. I suppose the music was just the usual sort—but it seemed so different, so soul-filling; and then the sermon, I was so interested in what Dr. Miller said, and, do you know, I heard some one say, "It was a very shallow sermon." I wanted to say, "If you had attended a sunrise prayer meeting and got your soul full of the spirit of the day, you would not say that!" Then Mr. Mead asked me to take a class, and I tried to tell the story to the little girls. One of them said she never knew what Easter meant until I told her! So you see I may have told it to some purpose. Anyway, I know it is in my own life to stay!'

One girl had written to her brother to tell about the new life and how it came to her. Nellie Clarke said, 'Well, girls, I thought I could tell the story better by proxy, so I gave a dollar towards the support of the Sunday-school missionary, and I promised to give a dollar out of every quarter's allowance. And another thing, you know that mamma sent me a new suit after all, and when I put it on, the thought came to me, perhaps this comes to remind you that you ought to have your heart renewed and your life made pure and clean—and, girls, you don't hear me using any slang after this!'

Marion Haines said, 'Girls, I don't suppose you ever dreamed that I have been almost an infidel, I fancy heathen would express it more nearly. Anyway, I never had any sort of religious life; I was as surely dead to anything of a religious nature as one could be, and when you were talking and planning the other evening, I said to myself, "Well, I'll keep still, but I'll go and see what they do at that sunrise prayer meeting!" I came this morning, and I cannot tell how it was, but I am sure I went out another person! It is a new life! It has been a true Easter to me!'

As Marion ended this little speech, which was such a glad surprise to the others, a burst of song filled the room:

'Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!
Blessed morn of life and light!
Lo, the grave is rent asunder,
Death is conquered through His might.
Christ is risen! Hallelujah!
Gladness fills the world to-day!'
—'Episcopal Recorder.'

Redeeming the Time.

A pretty Indian legend illustrates this: A good spirit wishing to benefit a young princess led her into a ripe and golden cornfield. 'See these ears of corn, my daughter, if thou wilt pluck them diligently, they will turn to precious jewels, the richer the ear of corn, the brighter the gem. But thou mayest only once pass through this cornfield, and canst not return the same way.' The maiden gladly accepted the offer. As she went on, many ripe and full ears of corn she found in her path, but she did not pluck them, always hoping to find better ones further on. But presently the stems grew thinner, the ears poorer, with scarcely any grains of wheat on them; further on they were blighted, and she did not think them worth picking. Sorrowfully she stood at the end of the field, for she could not go back the same way, regretting the loss of the golden ears she had overlooked and lost. To each of us are golden opportunities offered; life speeds on to the goal from which there is no return; let us redeem the time, for fields are white unto the harvest.
—'The Christian Guardian.'

Look Over Your Troubles.

John Wesley was walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking.

'Do you know,' said Wesley, 'why the cow looks over the wall?'

'No,' replied the one in trouble.

'I will tell you,' said Wesley; 'because she cannot look through it. And that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them.'

Cripple's Crawl.

'It's the finest bit of land in the parish,' said the minister to the friend at his side, 'and its situation is absolutely unique.'

'And you say that a hundred years ago it was a part of the Holborne estates?' remarked the minister's guest.

'It was, and the present owner of the estates takes a keener pleasure in this that "isn't" than in that that is.'

'But why should he? He must be a queer sort of chap, and different to most of us, if he can look on pleasantly at losses,' objected the visitor.

'My dear Hartly,' replied the minister, 'you scarcely do justice to the finer instincts of human nature; your wanderings amidst wretchedness, misery, brutality, selfishness, and dishonesty, have induced a belief in total depravity.'

Hartly was silent for a while, then he said: 'You are hard on me; I have not adopted any such belief, I merely wondered what could induce any chap to take a pleasure in seeing his hereditary possessions held by another. I know this much, had the land been in my family from time immemorial I shouldn't rest till it was restored to me—but there, it may be that I, who have no lands to lose, attach an unusual importance to possession.'

The minister smiled. 'Let me tell you the story of the Crawl,' he said; 'you may then be better able to appreciate Lord Holborne's particular point of view.'

'Is your story legend or history?' asked Hartly.

'It's a true story, you skeptic, and your heart will attest its truth,' was the decisive reply.

'Imagine your self set back in time by a hundred years,' commenced the narrator, 'and a resident here, instead of a casual visitor. You would have known that the village consisted of Holborne Hall, its private grounds, and a cluster of two or three dozen cottages, with two alehouses, a small general shop, and a forge. The church on the hill stood in the midst of its gravestones, and opened its doors now and again to admit a Sunday morning congregation. There was but one man in the village, apart from the Hall, who could read, and he was the parson. No railway brought strangers to the place, nor took the natives from it, for those were pre-railway days so far as this district was concerned. The chief excitement that quickened the dull lives of the villagers was that occasioned by the taking of the poachers red-handed, adventurers from the outlying parishes, by the Hall keepers, who received a bonus on every capture; or, maybe, the excitement due to the hunt, when my lord, with a party of sporting companions, followed the chase across the country. But here let me say that there must be no fancy picture in your mind conjured up by the word "cottages" or "villagers," as both were alike forbidding in apearance. The cottages were mere shanties, unfit to shelter pigs, badly drained, unprovided with pure water, open at very many points to the sky and the weather, with woodwork dropping to pieces, and the plaster tumbling about one's ears. Diphtheria and typhoid made yearly ravages amongst the children, and not a tenant dare utter a word of complaint against the damp, dirty den that served as a family death-trap, but was dignified by the title

of "home." The villagers themselves, both men and women, had lost self-respect. They were a mean, cringing lot, hopelessly helpless to raise themselves or their families, steeped in ignorance and superstition, mere "goods and chattels" of an irresponsible lord. Many of them were too stupid and downtrodden to think of anything better than the ale-houses, thus spending their time when they were not working on my lord's estate in drinking and horse play. The little children drooped and starved, but their cry for bread was unheeded by those whose duty it was to satisfy it, and the youths of the village, when working hours were ended, loafed idly about the roads, speedily becoming dissolute in speech and action. One here and there would "list for sodger" or "go to sea," but the majority remained and sank to the condition of hopeless serfdom. Were they not born to it, and what use would be served by grumbling at their "lot"? But if the "lot" of the villagers was sad, yet sadder in its way was the "lot" of the Lady Holborne, the mistress of the old Hall. Surrounded by the evidences of material wealth, with servants to do her bidding and speak to her as "My Lady," there was not a woman in the village that would have changed places with her. Cultured and refined, there were moments in her lifetime when she could have wished to change places with the poorest and most unlettered boor in the parish possessed of a healthy body.

'Lady Holborne was a helpless cripple. When the morning sunshine kissed the tree tops, and touched the golden locks of little children, as aureole and benediction, and made the young cattle frisk sportively, a pathetic sight met the sympathetic gaze of the villagers, as attendants from the great house carried out their helpless burden, unable to move alone except by a slow and painful crawl.

'"Ah! my poor thing, poor thing!" said one to another, "what good do all her money do her? Lord, but what a life?"

'Drawing together in small groups they wistfully watched the cortege as it passed, and tried, as unobtrusively as their natures and dispositions permitted, to get from My Lady a smile of recognition. And when it was given and caught, one woman would tell another, as she had already told it times and times again, how the "blessed suffering lady" had bid her bearers stop at the speaker's cottage "the mornin' as our little Mary died," that she might say a word of comfort.

'"She buried her beautiful, too; if she'd been her own she couldn't 'ev done more."

'There were others who told of kind and charitable acts done to the living, and one old man who repeated to interested listeners the sentence they knew so well, yet were always ready to hear again: "She sobered me, she did; she took my promise, and I'll not go back on it!'

'The more reckless souls whispered together of her harsh lord, who spoke bitter words of irritable impatience, nor was he moved by the tears of his suffering lady.

'"There's that look in her eyes that would melt a stone," said a young woman nursing a baby, to whom her ladyship had shown kindness. "They do say as she's always beseechin' of him to take more care for his people."

'"And she may beseech till her tongue's wore away," answered an old man, who had spent fifty years working on the estate and had not a coin in the world, but sheltered his aged head under the wretched roof of his son's hut; "he goes his way, and cares for none else."

'Here and there stopped the cortege, as the cripple passed on. Patiently she listened to one tale of grief and another, ever ready with a gentle word of sympathy, and always regretful that she could do nothing to raise the lot of the poor and the down-trodden around her. Her sweet charity would not permit a censorious thought against the conduct of her selfish lord to linger in her mind.

'"He does not see," she persuaded herself. "If I could but open his eyes!"

'One afternoon when he lingered by her side, less austere than usual, she ventured once again to plead with him on behalf of the peasantry. "They are our people," she said, "but their condition is miserable and forlorn. You could, if you would, bind them all to you by gratitude and affection, and it would make me so happy."

'"You take a most unreasonable interest in the clods," he replied; "they're not one of them worth another thought. Everyone goes to the bad sooner or later; I go my way, and they go theirs."

'"But the ways are so diverse," she urged, meeting him on his own ground, "we need not drive them to the bad."

'"No need to drive," he answered; "they gallop if you find them the reins."

'"But you have the reins," she urged.

'"True, but you'd have me fling them to you."

'"No, oh, no," she answered, meekly, "not that, but——"

'"But what? What are you urging? What do you want me to do?"

'"Give them something to live for besides the ale-house—give them an interest in life."

'"Divide my heritage with them?" he sneeringly asked.

'"If they had but a piece of land," she replied, not heeding his sneer, "that they could cultivate for their own use it would help to keep many of them sober, and they would not feel hopeless."

'"Land!" he scoffed. "Yes, I'll give them land, as much land as you can crawl round in a month!" and he walked from her in his irate mood; but she called him by name, and as his angry glance alighted on her she asked quietly, "And you mean that offer?"

'"Yes, I mean it right enough," he said.

'"I accept it for the people's sake," she answered, looking steadily at her angry husband.

'"You are a fanatic," he answered; "but fanatic or no, a bargain's a bargain, and I shan't lose the estate." And he left her.

'Left alone she shed no tears. A strange light shone in her eyes, such a light as beams from the face of one who has ransomed another from destruction. She looked at her hands; they should serve her for feet. She rose slowly and with evident pain from her cushions, and tried timidly, but hopefully, to stand alone for a moment, but the suffering was too intense; she was obliged to sit down. Then she rang the bell and summoned her personal attendant.

'"Graham," she said, "I want your help in—in an attempt—I shall make for the sake of the villagers."

'"Oh, my lady, do nothing rash," prayed the faithful woman.

'"No, no, nothing rash, but only perhaps—a little painful." And she told her of her lord's offer.

'The woman burst into tears. "God forbid, my lady, that you should do it. Why the whole village would cry out; it'd be the death of your ladyship."

'"Graham, my faithful Graham, I look to you to help me in this undertaking. You will not disappoint me?"

'"And if I made bold, my lady, to say that I would not help you to your death, would you give up the cruelty of it?"

'"I should go alone," answered the Lady Holborne, in low tones, and again the light shone in her eyes.

'For a while there was silence. It was broken by Graham, who asked sullenly, "And when does your ladyship start on this——?"

'"To-morrow, dear Graham. You shall come with me to that corner where the chestnuts stand, and I will begin from that spot and work my way toward the lane."

'"And is your ladyship bent on this self-destruction; will nothing move you from your determination?"

'Then changing her tone the faithful woman dropped on her knees before her gentle mistress and tears filled her eyes. "They won't understand, my lady, they are poor, ignorant, stupid creatures; they know no better than their own cattle."

'"They will understand love, Graham."'

'"I doubt it, my lady. Oh, forgive me if I say you are throwing yourself away, and it's vainer than pearls before swine which the blessed book forbids."

'"No swine, Graham, but my poor people. But don't plead any longer, for it pains me to see your distress. Help me; it is the kindest thing you can do for me, and your help will strengthen me."

'Thus urged, Graham rose from her knees, and with quiet decision said, "Your ladyship may rely on me; I'll do my best when the morrow's here."

'That morrow brought a beautiful morning. It really seemed to the Lady Holborne, as they bore her toward the corner where the chestnuts grew, that sky and air and earth pulsated with tender love, and that birds, insects and flowers felt the subtle influence.

'Her servants laid her on the grass in the shade and respectfully withdrew, unaware of her intentions, with the exception of Graham.

'"Your ladyship, will rest awhile on these cushions," she said.

'"No, no; I am not tired. I will start now, for like the tortoise, I'm slow at a race. See, good Graham, help me as you would an infant put to crawl."

'Tenderly the woman assisted the poor, crippled body into such a position on the sward as she thought best for the purpose, and arranged the garments that they should not impede progress, and asked her with a sob in her voice, "Is your ladyship easy, so?"

'A smile, shaded by pain, was the answer, as the thin white hands were pressed on the earth, the wrists sustaining the body's weight as the brave-hearted lady propelled herself along a few inches at a time. Each movement drew a groan of anguish, yet in the midst of her sufferings she remembered to say to her faith-

ful attendant, "Don't mind me, Graham; the little noise I make is nothing; it helps me."

'The leaves of the sheltering trees in this corner of his lordship's hereditary estate trembled in the warm air as though moved to indignation at the deed that was being done by the noble lady, his wife, whose compassion for helpless misery, his cruel scoffings had but deepened.

'Each morning they carried her down, accompanied by her faithful Graham; each evening they bore her home. During the day she accomplished her "day's work," as she called it, by lying flat on the open ground and using her hands as levers, slowly and painfully crawling along. The few inches gained by each new move were paid for in pain and anguish, but never once did she dream of abandoning the pilgrimage commenced with so holy an end in view. Chivalry has accomplished many a deed of prowess, overcome many a mighty foe, struck with strong arm and steady aim in a hopeless cause, but it may be doubted if ever stalwart knight of the Holy Sepulchre attempted a more heroic feat than that actually achieved by the great-hearted cripple, the long-suffering wife of her churlish lord, as she purchased, inch by inch, by her own stress and pain, the freehold that was to work out the redemption of the poor, ignorant, besotted people whom she loved and sought to ransom.

'Twenty-eight days had found her faithfully adhering to her task, and as the sun went down on that last evening's work all the village flocked up to the chestnuts to hear a word from his lordship.

'"Measure the land," he said, sternly, and they obeyed him. Then turning to his steward beside him, "See that the lawyers make out the deeds, and for every acre measured count two. Has anyone here anything to say?"

'"The good God bless her ladyship; there's not one of us here but would risk life and limb for her," spoke a tottering old man, and from the villagers arose an united assent.

'"She asks no such risk," said his lordship. "She believes that by the gift of this land you will understand that she seeks to give you an opportunity of using your leisure well, in tilling your own allotments. I don't believe it; but you can convince me her ladyship's faith isn't misplaced."

'"His lordship don't believe that we'll make her ladyship proud of us yet!' exclaimed a stalwart young man, whose evenings had hitherto been spent in the ale-house. "Let us join hands on our word as we'll keep sober men, all of us, and work each on his own bit of land, being as the price paid was more than silver and gold."

'And round the "Crawl" they circled, hand clasping hand, each promising his fellow "for the love of her ladyship" to "stand true by her belief in us—so help me God."

'They say that the old lord was another man from that day, and that his devotion to his cripple-lady was pathetic. She survived her heroic labor just one year, and it was with her assent that the land was known as "Cripple's Crawl" '—James Cassidy, in the London 'S.S. Times.'

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Often and long Rose Stuyvesant sat beside the bed of the unhappy woman, and strove to open her mind to the free forgiveness granted through the blood of Christ Jesus. Her words of peace seemed to fall on a deaf ear and deadened heart; but to the listening, unnoticed Mary, they were the messages of pardon and joy in believing.

Long years of humbling sickness were in store for Mrs. Ray, during which she was to be dependent for care and sustenance upon the child she had undervalued and ill-treated. From that child to whom she had given life, she was to receive the still greater blessing of being gently led towards the life eternal.

Mary's days and nights of watching and words of holy comfort, fell like a noiseless dew on the heart of the mother, till at last remorse was exchanged for repentance, and the cold alienation of a sinful heart for the loving trust of one forgiven through the 'Only Mediator.'

Meanwhile, Daph went cheerfully and industriously on, providing for the physical wants of the children so dear to her; while Rose, with almost a mother's love, led them in the way of truth and moulded them by her sweet influence. Little by little she managed to throw an air of refinement about the humble room where they dwelt, and to add many comforts and luxuries to their hitherto simple way of life. She advised Daph as to their plain but tasteful style of dress, and gave to their manners that nameless charm of delicacy and true politeness which Daph felt herself so unable to describe or impart.

While Louise grew tall, graceful and attractive, and Charlie's ruddy face was bright with frank cheerfulness, Rose fancied that Daph's step waxed feeble, and her figure less straight than in the first days of their acquaintance.

When Rose expressed anxiety about the health of the poor negress, to whom she was really strongly attached, Daph would answer with a smile:

'Daph do be a bit older, Miss Rose; but nebber you fret for her. De great Lord won't take her away yet, she most sure. Nebber you mind Daph; she do be well enough—and, oh, so happy.'

The upward glance of the eye of honest Daph told of the source of her happiness, and the spring of her faithful, conscientious life.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BASKET OVERTURNED.

'Good-bye, dears!' said Daph, as she went forth as usual one morning, with her basket on her head.

'Good-bye, Daffy, dear Daffy!' said the young voices, and she was gone.

Those sweet sounds lingered in the ear of the negress as she walked along the crowded street, unconscious of all around her, and lost in meditation on the many mercies of her lot.

The passers-by noticed her frank, good face, her tidy figure, and snow-white apron; but she seemed to see no one until, as if struck with sudden frenzy, she gave one leap into the air, exclaiming,

'Is I in a blessed dream?'

The neat cover flew from the passing basket; far and wide rolled the frosted cakes, and little ragged children made merry with the stores of Daph's cookery. Little did she care. Her arms were thrown round the knees of an astonished lady, and her lips kissed the hand of a tall, pale gentleman at the lady's side.

'Pull off the crazy woman!' shouted a by-stander, stepping forward to suit the action to the word; but Daph had found a protector in the confidence of whose kindness she would have faced the world.

'My own missus! my massa!' sobbed the poor negress, as she clung to the loved and long-mourned friends who stood before her.

'Is it you, Daph?' they said, as, little less moved than herself, they raised her from her humble position.

'I'se got 'em! I'se got 'em!' she exclaimed. 'De children! Dey's safe! I'se got 'em! De Lord be praised!'

Who can tell the throb of joy that shook that mother's heart, or the deep emotion that filled the eyes of the strong man with gushing tears?

They needed not to tell Daph to lead the way to their treasures. On she sped right through street and lane, followed by hurrying footsteps and beating hearts.

The small house with the blue shutters was reached, and the threshold was crossed. A moment the mother paused, as if to gather strength for the meeting, and then the door was thrown open.

In that simple, neat room sat the fair Louise, her bit of sewing in her hand, while beside her Charlie bent over the book he was reading aloud to his sister.

The wondering children were clasped in their mother's arms, and received their father's loving embrace; while Daph almost wild with joy, kept repeating, 'You's no more lone orphans, with only poor old Daph to mind you! De Lord be praised! Daph's work is done! She be ready to go now, when it pleases de Lord Jesus!'

How those parents rejoiced to have their lost ones restored sound in health, and bearing every evidence of having been so well trained to neatness, and nurtured in delicacy and refinement! This was joy indeed; but who shall describe the gladness of the mother when she found her children speaking of the Saviour as a familiar friend, and bearing, however faintly, his image in their hearts! Such joy angels know when they welcome at the gate of heaven the weary pilgrim of earth and usher him into the eternal home of the father!

Daph listened with wondering eyes and grateful heart to the story of their escape, whom she so long mourned, and whose place she had so striven to fill.

The coachman, who was pledged to murder his master and mistress, relented, and resolved to save them from the ruin with which they were threatened.

(To be continued.)

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LITTLE FOLKS

Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

Christobel was crying—sobbing herself to sleep.

Everything seemed to have been going wrong all that day. She had not known her lessons. She had been very dull and slow, and people had been annoyed with her.

Poor little Christobel! she felt such a stupid worthless little girl. 'And, oh!' she cried to herself, 'I wish they understood—it isn't because I want to be naughty!'

Christobel was a delicate little girl with large brown eyes and a pale face. She was not good at games like her brothers and sisters; in fact they were always trying to 'wake her up,' she was so quiet; and she was not good at lessons. Her governess said she was always thinking of something else.

To-day things had been worse; Uncle Chris had been telling her a beautiful fairy-story, and her imagination had wandered back to it so often that day; it seemed impossible to get away from it. Oh! why couldn't one live in fairy-land, where life is so easy and so beautiful, with lovely gardens and children running about, and birds playing in them! Why don't grown-up people understand?

And to-day the young soldier, Uncle Chris, who was the hero of all his nephews and nieces, had gone, and nobody else cared to talk of the silly things he talked about to her—and, oh! it was lovely going into the woods with him, and hearing about the fairies and the sprites who lived in the flowers and had glow-worms to carry their lamps for them at night!

And sometimes one felt a door might have opened in one of those funny old trees and have disclosed the way to fairy-land, and have given you just a tiny feeling that you wouldn't like to be there quite alone. Oh, dear! poor little Chrissie couldn't help thinking of all these things!

People said Uncle Chris was foolish to fill her head with so much nonsense, especially when he knew that she could think of nothing else afterwards.

What good would her brains be to her if she knew of nothing but fairies. 'She is too much wrapped up in herself,' they said; and Christobel found the process of unwrapping very chilly and sad.

Sometimes our little friend had beautiful thoughts, and when the sky was blue and the sun was shining, she loved to walk in the garden and look at the flowers. She learnt their names very quickly, and had all sorts of stories about them which she would sometimes tell to her baby-brother or to her dolls; but nurse said she would never be a healthy little girl if she did not give up her strange fancies and learn to play and run about more with her brothers and sisters.

'No! they don't want me!' Christobel would say; and then she would wander away alone to think about wonderful things, and listen to the birds' song. I wonder if Christobel was rather a selfish little girl.

And now as she was crying in her little bed and wondering why it was so hard to be good and why it was that she felt so lonely, she fell asleep.

She dreamt that she was walking in a great and glorious garden. She did not remember ever having seen such a garden before. 'This must be one that Uncle Chris has told me of,' she thought.

"SEE," SAID THE ANGEL, "THOU MAYST TAKE THE FLOWER WITH THEE."

(To be continued.)

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At Easter Time.

At Eastertime, O who can doubt
That He who calls the violets out
Of their brown graves beneath the rime
Will wake us, too, in his good time?
Are we not more than many flowers?
O sweet the lesson of the hours
At Eastertime.
—May Riley Smith.

Betty's Thank-Offering.

(Emily Huntington Miller, in 'Children's Missionary Friend.')

Poor little Betty! It is hard enough to be sick at any time, but to be sick at Easter, when they were planning such lovely things for her own Mission Band, and she alone of all the class must fail—that seemed to Betty almost too much to bear.

She could not even be sick in her own pretty room, for Betty had scarlet fever, and that was too near the baby, so they took her up to what the children called the sky-parlor, all clean and white and sunny, but without any rugs and curtains and pretty little furbelows.

'You can have your rose, Betty,' said the nurse, and she set the sweet thing in the window, where it went on growing and blossoming as if it liked sky-parlors.

Betty was not very sick, but her heart ached. She knew why nobody could come and see her, but it made her feel neglected and abused, and sometimes when the nurse thought she was asleep, she would cuddle down in the pillows, and cry a little very softly and say to herself, 'I'm just like a little heathen girl, put out in the woods to die,' and that sounded so dreadful she felt worse than ever.

But Betty knew they didn't forget her. Every day they sent her up a wonder-box, and everybody, even the baby, put something in. After she had been bathed, and rubbed and had eaten her breakfast the pretty box was put in her lap, and she untied the ribbons, and took off the tissue paper, and opened the little packages one after another. It was great fun, but it made her want to see them more than ever, and that Easter Sunday, when her mamma came and talked to her through a crack in the door, she called out in a very pitiful way,

'O mamma, I'm just starving to have you hug and kiss me!'

'My poor, brave little girlie,' said mamma; 'I'm "just starving" too, but it will only be two more days. Now open your wonder-box and you'll find something very special for Easter.'

There was something special on the very top, a bunch of yellow daffodils, that fairly seemed to twinkle as they said good-morning to Betty. Then a pretty pink box, and inside of it fifty bright new pennies, and a letter from mamma that said:—

'My Precious Girlie:

"You know in the Sunday-school to-day they are going to make an offering to send the good news of our Saviour to the people who have not learned to know and love him. Miss Ray planned a surprise for the Mission Band, but because you cannot be there, I will tell you what it is. On the table in the chancel will be a beautiful ship, with white sails, ropes of flowers, and a silken banner, and each class will bring up its offering in a pretty little barrel, and tell why they make this gift of thanks. The superintendent will load the ship as the gifts are brought up, and then your Mission Band will sing:

Sail away ship, with your message so sweet,
Message of peace from the Father above;
Wonderful tidings of Jesus who brings
Light for their darkness and comfort and love.

'Katharine will take up a barrel for all of us, because we are so glad we have kept our dear girlie, and hope to have her well again so soon, and papa sends you these pennies for your own special gift, earned by being brave and pleasant and patient. Put them one at a time in the barrel, and see if you can think of fifty things you are very thankful for'——

'I should think I can,' said Betty, stopping to kiss a smeary little place on the paper where the baby had squeezed his honey-sweet lips, 'I know more'n fifty hundred. Why, my teacher knows of a girl, a real nice girl and smart as anything, and she stayed away from the missionary school in India, I believe it was, and the missionary went to see what had become of her. And she was sick, and they had put her out in the cow's house, right on the dirt floor, and nobody to do a thing for her, because the priest said the idols were angry at her for going to learn about Jesus. I'm going to put in the very first penny, because I'm glad my mamma isn't a heathen, nor my papa, and I know Jesus loves me.'

'That's three things,' said the nurse, smiling.

'Well,' said Betty, 'there'll have to be more than one thing or the pennies will be used up too soon.'

It was very much as Betty had said. She thought of so many things—her father and mother, her pleasant home, her friends, her kind nurse, her good times, her Bible, her Sunday-school, her teachers, her books—she held each penny a long time before she let it drop, and at the end she gave a tired little sigh and said:—

'I've left out lots of things, but I guess having papa and mamma and knowing about "Jesus loves me" takes in most everything else.'

Then nurse sent the barrel down after first dipping its pennies and all in a cleansing fluid.

Keep Your Troubles to Yourself

Keep your troubles to yourself,
Put them on an upper shelf;
Far away as they may be
Where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share
Of affliction, pain and care;
Why should you, though sorely tried,
Burden them with yours beside?

Give of treasures you possess,
Loving care and tenderness.
Cheerful smiles or sordid pelf,
But keep your troubles to yourself.
—Josephine Pollard.

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LESSON I.—APRIL 3.

Jesus Visits Tyre and Sidon.

Mark vii., 24-37.

Golden Text.

Without faith it is impossible to please him. Hebrews xi., 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 28.—Mark vii., 24-37.
Tuesday, March 29.—John iv., 44-54.
Wednesday, March 30.—Luke ix., 37-45.
Thursday, March 31.—Matt. ix., 32-38.
Friday, April 1.—Luke xi., 14-26.
Saturday, April 2.—Is. xxxv., 1-10.
Sunday, April 3.—Matt. xv., 21-31.

24. And from thence he arose and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it: but he could not be hid.

25. For a certain woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet.

26. The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation: and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter.

27. But Jesus said unto her, Let first the children be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to the dogs.

28. And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.

29. And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.

30. And when she was come to her house she found the devil had gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

31. And again departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coast of Decapolis.

32. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech, and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.

33. And he took him aside from the multitude and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit and touched his tongue;

34. And looking up to heaven, he sighed and said unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

35. And straightway his ears were opened and the string of his tongue was loosed and he spake plain.

36. And he charged them they should tell no man; but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it.

37. And were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

This is Easter Sunday, but we do not have a special lesson, the passage for today dealing with events in their course. Still the Easter message of hope is not lacking here, as will be seen when these verses are studied.

In the last regular lesson we had presented the great miracle of the feeding of the five thousand. The visit to the region of Tyre and Sidon followed soon after, but if you will read the intervening verses in Matthew or Mark and the account of the discourse on the bread of life, John vi., which was delivered between the events studied two weeks ago and those of to-day, you will discover that opposition to Christ was growing rapidly. It was also assuming a threatening nature. John vii., 1.

Christ had returned to Galilee, and was for a short time in Capernaum, but the opposition was becoming so serious that he seems to have considered it for the best not to remain in Galilee for the time being, and so passed into the region of Tyre and Sidon, to the northwest. These were cities on the sea coast of Phenicia, prominent in commerce and manufacturing, but inhabited by heathen people. We are not told that Christ entered into these cities themselves, but that he 'went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon,' that is, into the region of these cities.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 24-26. 'But he could not be hid.' Christ had sought retirement here, going quietly into a house and wishing to have no one know of his presence, but 'he could not be hid,' for the fame of his great utterances and deeds had doubtless travelled throughout all that country. Tyre and Sidon were not very far from the district about the Sea of Galilee, though they were located on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

Immediately a sorrowing mother, whose little daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him and sought his help. She was, according to Mark, 'Greek, a Syro-Phenician by nation,' while Matthew speaks of her as 'a Canaanitish woman.' These are not conflicting descriptions, but describe the racial and national relationships of the woman.

27-30. 'But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled.' Jesus does not repulse her, but draws out the strength of her faith by calling her attention to the fact that she was not one of the chosen race. The Jews were accustomed to speak of the Gentiles as 'dogs,' and Christ here adopted this expression to call the woman's attention to the place she holds in Jewish sight. 'He came to the lost sheep of the house of Israel (Matthew xv., 24), hence what claim had this Gentile woman, this 'dog,' upon him?

But the poor mother's concern for her daughter would not allow her to be turned aside by this answer. Moreover, her faith in his power to heal, if he would, was not to be shaken. So she answered, taking up the figure used by Christ, that even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. Mark says that Christ answered, 'For this saying go thy way: the devil is gone out of thy daughter.' Matthew, however, gives other of the Saviour's words, for he reports him as saying, 'O woman, great is thy faith: be it done unto thee even as thou wilt.' When she returned she found her daughter released from the torment.

This woman's humility, and zeal, equalled her faith. She would not weaken under the test of her faith, yet she was willing to humble herself while continuing her entreaty. This sort of experience may often come to the Christian. God does not answer at the mere presentation of our need. He withholds the desired favor until the very last resources of our souls are taxed, and we are lying humbly before him, acknowledging our unworthiness, but declaring our faith in his power, and craving his mercy upon us. The eagle stirs up its nest and crowds out its young, not for their destruction, but that they may develop powers of strong flight.

31-37. 'And he took him aside from the multitude.' This lesson is a double one with reference to the places in which we find Christ. In verse 31 he leaves the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and makes his way back to the Sea of Galilee, passing through the portion of Decapolis along the eastern shore of Galilee.

Here one who was deaf and had an impediment of speech was brought to him. Christ does not in this case merely speak the healing word, or lay his hand upon the afflicted man. He took him apart from the multitude. The reason is not stated, but, as this man could not hear, he may have had little or no knowledge of Christ and his work, but was brought rather without any will of his own in the matter. Therefore Christ takes him away from the distractions of the crowd, that he may unhindered receive the fullest impression of the divine presence.

Not only was the man taken thus apart, but Christ acted by signs, which would indicate to the man that something was being done for the deaf ears and the affected tongue. Christ always puts the knowledge of himself and salvation within the grasp of the willing though simple and wondering soul. The Syro-Phenician woman was strong enough to have her faith and resolution put to a test, but this poor mute must be taught by signs. Christ accommodated his method to each case. The man was made whole at the word, so that he could hear and speak.

Seeking still to avoid attracting much attention, Jesus charged those about him to say nothing of this case, but they only published it the more. He was back again in the region where opposition was so marked, and he did not wish to have public excitement aroused again, and doubtless felt the need of rest.

The next lesson is, 'Peter Confesses Christ,' Mark viii., 27-38.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 3.—Topic—Our victories through Christ. I. Cor. xv., 50-58. (Easter meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

SELFISHNESS.

Monday, March 28.—'Not seeking mine own.' I. Cor. x., 33.

Tuesday, March 29.—Not to please ourselves. Rom. xv., 3.

Wednesday, March 30.—Thoughtful for others. Gal. vi., 2.

Thursday, March 31.—Some selfish soldiers. I. Sam. xxx., 21-25.

Friday, April 1.—A selfish prophet. Jonah iv., 1-11.

Saturday, April 2.—A selfish priest and Levite. Luke x., 30-32.

Sunday, April 3.—Topic—Selfishness and where it leads. Gen. xiii., 5-13. Compare Romans xv., 3.

Do, And Not Do.

Things a Teacher Should Do: Prepare the lesson carefully. Know before beginning a lesson just what he intends to teach. Have in mind always the salvation of his pupils. Visit every pupil at least once a year. When the class is disorderly, wait quietly for order. When obliged to reprove, always speak gently, kindly and firmly. Keep his class-book regularly. Be in his class five minutes before the opening of the session. Study the mental and spiritual condition of each pupil, that he may help them in his own teaching. Remember that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of advice. Teach lovingly and faithfully for Jesus' sake.

Things a Teacher Should not Do: Use slang. Preach instead of teach. Come unprepared to the class. Neglect to pray before coming to the class. Be offended when another is praised or preferred to himself. Despair of any pupil's conversion. Neglect to visit the ill or the absent. Use tobacco. Attend the theatre. Dance. Countenance extravagance in dress.—'Temperance Teacher.'

Sample Copies.

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Alcoholism and Tuberculosis.

The physicians of a time gone by were generally implicit believers that alcohol was antagonistic to tuberculosis, and carried this belief into practice by dosing all their patients with heroic quantities of spirit. Gradually, however, a change has come, leading to a rejection of this once popular view, and now many of the medical profession hold not only that alcohol is contra-indicated as a therapeutic remedy in phthisical cases, but that the habit of alcoholism strongly predisposes to the contraction and propagation of tuberculosis.

Dr. Brouardel of Paris, in his eloquent address delivered before the Congress on Tuberculosis, recently held in London, dwelt with special emphasis on this phase of the matter, and declared it to be his conviction that the relationship between alcoholism and consumption was very close. He said, in part, 'Alcoholism is the most potent factor in propagating tuberculosis. The strongest man who has once taken to drink is powerless against it.'

Baudran of Beauvaise has shown that the mortality from tuberculosis and that from alcoholism are nearly identical. Dr. Brouardel also drew attention to a mistake made too easily in the different countries of the world by ministers who have charge of the financial department of the State. They like to calculate the sum the State gets from the duty on alcohol, but they should deduct from it the cost to the community of the family of a ruined and hopeless drunkard, his degenerate, infirm, scrofulous, and epileptic children, who must have shelter. The invasion of alcoholism ought to be regarded by everyone as a public danger, and this principle, the truth of which is incontestable, should be inculcated into the masses, that the future of the world may be in the hands of the temperate.

In the Edinburgh 'Medical Journal' for September is an article by Dr. Kelynack of Manchester, which follows the same line of argument. Dr. Kelynack puts the position as regards the aspects from which the question is viewed by all the scientific men, as follows: (1) That alcoholism is antagonistic to tuberculosis; (2) that alcoholism bears no special relationship to tuberculosis; (3) that alcoholism definitely predisposes to tuberculosis; and he gives the views of well-known physicians of the various countries bearing on the point at issue.

Flint used alcohol freely, that is from six ounces to a pint of spirit daily, and appears to have had a firm belief in its efficiency in the treatment of tuberculosis. Chartens, writing in 1877, concerning the administration of whiskey to phthisical patients, says: 'In private practice I order it to be taken "ad libitum."' Hermann Weber expressed himself in like terms, but Bell of New York as far back as 1859 opposed the view, then generally current, of the beneficial influence of large quantities of spirit on the course of pulmonary tuberculosis.

That alcoholism definitely predisposes to tuberculosis has of recent years received much support, and the theory will appear to be gaining ground at a rapid rate. Hector Mackenzie believes that alcoholism must be regarded as a powerful predisposing cause of tuberculosis. Osler refers to the subject thus: 'It was formerly thought that alcohol was in some way antagonistic to tuberculous disease, but the observations of late years indicate clearly that the reverse is the case, and that chronic drinkers are much more liable to both acute and pulmonary tuberculosis. It is probably altogether a question of altered tissue soil, alcohol lowering the vitality, and enabling the bacilli more readily to develop and to grow.' Dr. Kelynack himself says that, having had exceptional opportunities of studying large numbers of cases among workhouse and hospital patients, he is convinced that the public house or saloon must be considered as one of the most serious obstacles to the speedy and effectual stamping out of tuberculosis.

Italians, Germans and physicians of all other countries who have studied the effects of alcoholism in connection with tuberculosis have arrived at similar conclusions. It is further contended by some that, in addition to a general impairment of vitality and pernicious environment, there is a special prejudicial influence arising from the action of the alcohol and its associates. This, as Dr. Kelynack points out, is very hard to prove, and at present, and until investigations have more clearly elucidated the matter, we must rest content with the knowledge already gained—that alcohol exerts little or no beneficial influence on the course of tuberculosis, but that, on the contrary, it tends to predispose to the malady those who consume it to any extent. Indirectly, of course, the fact is undeniable that alcohol is a prominent cause of tuberculosis, by lowering the vitality of its subjects, by inducing poverty and necessitating life in unhealthy surroundings, by causing degeneration of the individual and offspring, and by all these means rendering the race more susceptible and prone to infection. Suppression of alcoholism should go hand in hand with that of tuberculosis.—'New York Medical Record.'

One Way to Outwit The Saloonkeepers.

Two years ago the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association of Columbus, Ohio, started to be as generous as the saloons at Grogans, in the neighborhood of the Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking Railway construction shops, by cashing the cheques of the employees of the railway company. In the vicinity of the shops there are about two saloons to one general store, and the wholesale liquor dealers all were in the habit of sending large sums of money to the retail liquor dealers with which to cash the men's pay cheques. This took a great many of them to the saloons, as there was no bank at hand, and a good deal of time and money would have been consumed if the men had visited the city for that purpose. On the first payment after the Association opened up cheques amounting to $2,137.88 were cashed. That was two years ago. On the last pay day 157 cheques amounting to $6,762.36 were cashed; but the largest record was in September, which was for $7,204.25. In the first year nearly $50,000 was handled in this way, and last year 1,550 cheques were cashed, amounting to $79,778.47. At first the saloonkeepers made no objection, but their representatives have gone to the owner of the rooms used for cashing the men's cheques at least three times and urged him to cancel the lease to the association. This association is one of probably fifty railway organizations which habitually do this for the men each month.

The city association at Pittston, Pa., cashes a much larger sum each month for miners. Pay day at one of the Alaska forts in midwinter has been a time of dissipation among the soldiers, but the association there at pay day time has run popular entertainments, so that the saloons and gamblers appealed to the officers in command, stating that their business certainly would be ruined unless these free entertainments were stopped. This is one of the practical ways in which the association is doing business with the temperance question. Since the opening of the association with its popular attractions in a town in Texas 1,000 men have been enrolled as members and four saloons have been forced to close on account of lack of patronage. Since the opening of the Seventy-second street Railway Branch, New York City, with its fine building, the notorious saloon known as the 'Yellow Dog,' has been closed for want of business. The new naval branch at Brooklyn is receiving and depositing money for the men of the navy at the rate of $120,000 per year. Whenever a ship is in the building is literally packed from cellar to attic and frequently the two hundred beds are filled and the men sleep on the ping-pong tables, chairs and every available spot throughout the building rather than go to the saloon boarding houses.—'The Standard.'

Old Country Friends.

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Defences of Port Arthur—As Impregnable as Gibraltar—The 'Times,' London.
The Expansion of Russia—An Author Amicably Disposed Towards Russia—The 'Pilot,' London.
Japanese Views of the Russians—Different Treatment for Different Nations. By Thomas Nesbit, in the 'Evening Post,' New York.
A Misunderstanding—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Gladstone Memorial for Hawarden—The 'Standard,' London.
The Metric System Discussed in the House of Lords—'Daily Telegraph.'
The Metric System in Law and Practice—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Dealing with the Vagrant—Gen. Booth's Big Scheme—The 'Westminster Budget.'
A Policy of Construction Against one of Stagnation and Disintegration—Sir G. Parker at Bristol—The 'Standard,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Why is England Dull? A Plea for Public Music—By Maud Stepney Rawson, in 'Hearth and Home,' London.
John Martin, The Painter of 'The Last Judgment' and 'The Plains of Heaven'—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
On Church Music—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

From 'The Church Porch'—By George Herbert.
A Lenten Thought—Finding God—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Religious Life at Cambridge—By Lewis H. Gaunt, in the 'Christian World,' London.
A Bible Centenary—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Sir Leslie Stephen—By Leonard Courtney, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Sir Leslie Stephen's Last Book—The 'Standard,' London.
The Secret of England—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Good Joke Becoming Serious—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Manners of the Samurai—A Story from the Japanese of Saikaku—The 'Sun,' New York.
A Novel Without a Purpose—By Filson Young in the 'Pilot,' London.
Mr. Edmund Gosse, the Favored of the Gods—The New York 'Tribune.'
Letters to a Minister—The Authority of the Preacher, II.—By L. A., in the 'Outlook,' New York.
Dr. McLaren on Christianity and Public Life—The 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

What Hath Come Out of Asia—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Doctors and Patients—The 'Times,' London.
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Correspondence

Easter Greeting.

Dear Boys and Girls,—There is a beautiful custom amongst the Russians. On Easter morning they greet each other with the old, glad tidings, 'Christ is risen.'

I wish that I could say to each of you, personally, to-day, 'Christ is risen,' and could have a little talk with you about the meaning of this wonderful truth. Ask yourself what it means—what does it all mean to the world at large? What does it mean to your home? What does it mean to your own heart?

Sometimes we feel as though Christmas was the most important of all anniversaries, for then we celebrate the beginning of the earthly life of our Lord Jesus Christ. But the Resurrection is really the crowning act of that life, proving, as nothing else could have done, the absolute truth of the claims of Jesus as perfect God and perfect man. The fact of the resurrection of Christ brings home to us very clearly the fact of our own eternal existence. These souls of ours are to live forever, and the life in this world is just a sort of schoolroom for the life beyond. The choices we are making here are to influence our lives forever, the working or the shirking we are doing now will tell on our life not only ten years hence, but a hundred years from now. It is a solemn thought, is it not? The following prayer, familiar to some of you in the English Church service is a very good one to have in your heart (that means more than just learning it to say):—

'Almighty God, who through thine only Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we humbly beseech thee, that, as by thy special grace preventing us, thou dost put into our minds good desires, so that by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, even one God, world without end. Amen.'

India's Thanks.

119 St. Thomas's Road,
Finsbury Park, London, N.
Feb. 16, 1904.

The 'Northern Messenger':

Dear Editor,—May the Lord grant that you and all your readers may 'stand perfect and fully assured in all the will of God!'

Thank you for your continued interest in India, and let me offer through your paper much gratitude to all who continue to help this country of opportunities, by sending literature. Will you please note that in your issue of Dec. 11, 1903, page 3 the figures '987' should read '98% (ninety-eight percent). It would be a favor to us if you could kindly let this correction appear. We welcome the papers on tobacco in view of the startling increase of its use in India.

We are grateful too for the 'Northern Messenger' and other papers sent by old and new friends.

'A drop of ink
Makes millions think.'

I do not know if the Lord will lead me to visit Canada before I return to India's mission field, but I do know that the many hearts in your land that have been 'moved with compassion for our people's needs will always be dear to me.

Yours gratefully,
H. E. DUNHILL.
National Organizer, W.C.T.U. of India.

Hibernia Rd., Montreal, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have three little brothers, and one of them goes to school. I am nine years old. I go to Lorne School, and came out head of my class in the examinations. My birthday is on May 25. I have a little baby brother, who is nine months old; his name is Herbert Wesley. I belong to the Centenary Methodist Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.

EVELYN G. H.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading, and have read a lot of books, among which are the 'Mildred' books, a few of the 'Elsie' books, 'Queechy,' 'Light on a Lily,' 'A Rose without Thorns,' 'Kathleen's Victory,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Aunt Jane's Hero,' and 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.' I think the 'Mildred' books are very nice, and I like 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' very much, too. It is such a funny story in some places, yet so sad in others. In the last paper I saw that Edith M. J. would like to correspond with some girl in Canada. I would like to correspond very much with her. My address is 542 Manning avenue, Toronto, Canada, and my whole name is Gladys Presant. I would like her to write to me first, sending her whole name and address, if she would like to correspond with me.

GLADYS P. (aged 11).

Charlo, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My home is only a few steps from the Bay Chaleur. It is nice in summer. I like to play on the beach with my little brother and gather shells. It is all blocked up now with ice. We live more than a mile from school. We cannot walk in winter. I have a nice little black kitty for a pet. One day last summer he followed me to school. He stayed near the school all day, and came home again with me at night. We have been getting the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember. We would not like to do without it. I was eight years old on Dec. 17. Your little friend,

ELIZABETH V. G.

Scotch Corners.

Dear Editor,—I have intended writing to you ever since I received my Bible last November, which I think was very nice for so little work, and for which I thank you very much. I am a little boy eleven years old, and my birthday is on May 15. I have two brothers and one sister. I live near the town of Carleton Place, which is a junction, and is a busy little town. We had a bad fire here some weeks ago. We have a great deal of snow this winter, the most we have had for years. I have a dog called Friday. There is a temperance Society here. EDWARD M. C.

White Rock, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I live on a large farm. My father raises cattle, horses, sheep and pigs. We also have a peacock. It looks very pretty in summer. I have two brothers and two sisters. My oldest brother, Leslie, is living in Waltham, Mass. I have a pair of steers, which I yoke and haul wood with. White Rock is a small place. We have a church, hall, schoolhouse, post-office and store. The nearest town is Wolfville. It is a very pretty town. There are lots of tourists in summer. Acadia College is situated there. I have aunts, uncles and cousins living in California, Kansas, Oklahoma, Ohio, and Massachusetts. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

RALEIGH E.

Haystack, Placentia Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As I have read some nice letters, I thought I would like to write one myself. We live on a island nine miles long. It is called Long Island. I cannot tell you much about this place, as we only moved here last June. We used to live in Norman's Cove, Trinity Bay. My papa is an agent in the Methodist Conference, and he travels all around the island, by water mostly. He has had some very rough times this winter. This has been a very rough winter in Newfoundland. There have been some very high tides, and quite recently the water rose four feet above high-water mark. It burst up the floor in our house, and we had to leave it. It carried off one man's factory to the harbor. We are having a nice parsonage built here, and expect to be moving into it by the end of March. I have five sisters and four brothers. I have one sister married, her name being Annie.

ISABELLA GODDARD S.

Whitevale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the small village of Whitevale, about twenty-five miles north-east of Toronto. The village is not incorporated, there being only two hundred and fifty inhabitants.

I have read a great number of books. A few of the most exciting are: 'The Leather Stocking Tales,' 'Scalp Hunters,' 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Talisman,' etc; but I will remember 'The Prince of the House of David' after I have forgotten all about the others.

My only pet is a Scotch collie, who is very intelligent. My brother has a pony, and I often go riding in the summer.

I am twelve years old, and my height is four feet, four and a half inches. I will soon be as tall as 'Bill,' alias Wm. C. J. I wonder if he has ever heard of the Turners. My great-grandfather was a U.E. Loyalist. He lived in Maine until 1766, when he moved to St. Andrews, Charlotte Co., N.B., where my grandfather was born and lived until 1841. I think the 'Messenger' is a fine paper. 'Daph and Her Charge' is a good story, but I liked 'Twenty Percent' better. A. B. T.

Bear Island, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible on Feb. 4 that you sent me for the subscribers I procured for the 'Messenger,' and I thank you very much for it. It is a lovely Bible for so little work. We have taken the 'Messenger' for three years and like it very much. I live on a farm, about twenty-five miles from Fredericton, on the banks of the St. John River. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on March 14. PERCY H.

Upper Musquodoboit, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and my birthday was on Friday, Feb. 5. I saw in the 'Messenger' where a little girl's birthday was the same day as mine. Both my grandfathers are dead. Just one of my grandmothers is living. I have three brothers and two sisters. One of them is married, the other is a baby sister, and her name is Emma M. She is not quite two years old. We have a pup; its name is Duthcie. We also have a kitten named Dime. My papa is a merchant and also a lumberman. Grandpa is quite old, seventy-three years.

LIZZIE B. F.

Covey Hill, Que.

Dear Editor,—I wish to return you my thanks for the handsome minion Bagster Bible which you sent me. It far surpasses in beauty anything in my expectations of what the Bible would be. I have been a reader of the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly two years, and indeed I would be very lonesome without it. I always long for its arrival at the post-office, and think that every little girl and boy should take it. Wishing you every prosperity, DELLA J. H.

McLeods, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading, and have read many books, some of which are:—'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Black Beauty,' 'The Boat Club,' seven of the Elsie books, 'Our Bessie,' 'Near to Nature's Heart,' 'Over the Rocky Mountains,' and 'The Prince of the House of David.' I do not go to school now, for there is not any here in the winter time. We had a picnic near here last summer, and we had races. We also sang and recited, then we partook of luncheon. There was a swing made, and I liked to swing in it very much. We did not play many games, for it rained, and we went home. One of my grandmothers is dead, and also both my grandfathers. I will be twelve years old on June 28. CATHERINE McD.

HOUSEHOLD.

Easter at the Leslies

(Alice Wellington Rollins.)

The Leslie childen had an Easter party. In the first place, it was not a party at all. This was the way it came about. Aunt Agnes had been telling them the pretty Easter custom in Germany of hiding eggs in the bushes and under the hedges, and letting the children hunt for them. It was so pretty and would be such fun! But Easter came so early this year that mamma would never think of letting them run about the garden all the afternoon, even if there had been any garden to run about in, which there wasn't. Oh, dear! But Lilian suddenly exclaimed:

'Why couldn't we hide the eggs in the house, mamma?'

Certainly. Why couldn't they? So, just a week before Easter, there fluttered out from the Leslie mansion, on the wings of the postman, forty little butterflies, addressed to forty little friends of the Leslie children. For the butterfly is one of the prettiest Easter emblems, and mamma had arranged her cards of invitation in the shape of one; and Aunt Agnes had painted them with beautiful colors and written on the inside of one of their wings, 'Mrs. Stephen W. Leslie requests the pleasure of your company on the afternoon of Saturday, March 27th, to hunt for Easter eggs.' Mamma heard the children quarrel as to whose party it really was; and, as there wasn't room on a butterfly's wing to write, Miss Lilian, Master Frederic, Master Willie, and baby Nora requests, etc., she decided to give the party herself. And when each of the children received a formal invitation from her, they thought it even funnier than for them to give the party.

Saturday was such a busy day! They had not expected any 'fun' before afternoon; but when they went downstairs, in the morning, the breakfast-table was full of surprises. A tall, white calla lily graced the centre of the table; and in front of papa a pretty new dish, with a hen and chickens on the cover, held the real eggs for breakfast, while lovely colored ones were at every plate. Lilian's was a real little blue robin's egg, with a rhyme in mamma's handwriting:

'Only an egg-shell, easily broken;
Only a light word, easily spoken;
But the egg-shell may hold a beautiful bird,
And the loveliest thought may be said in a word.
I'm sure that my little girl's eyes will be bright
To read me this legend of Easter aright.'

Grandpapa had been heard to remark several times during the preparations that Easter eggs were 'silly things,' because he didn't have any when he was a boy; and so he found a beautiful bouquet at his plate, with another little rhyme:

'Grandpa don't see the sense of these colored eggs of ours,
So we hope he'll like the scents of these colored Eastern flowers.'

But the most mysterious thing was the soup tureen in front of mamma. Soup for breakfast! Who ever heard of it? But when the cover was lifted, out jumped the children's little tame hare, that was usually kept in the back yard, and was now very eager to escape from its close quarters. The hare, as you know, is always associated with Easter in Germany; and this little fellow had dangling from his ears and fastened around his neck the loveliest mosaic ear-rings and breastpin, Grandpapa said it was the first time he had ever heard of ear-rings and breastpins being worn on the hair, and he really thought they would look much better in mamma's ears and at her throat. Mamma was only too happy to appropriate them; and, although by that time the real eggs were quite cold, no one seemed to mind it.

After breakfast the children were sent out to play while mamma and Aunt Agnes hid the eggs. There were two hundred of them, and scarcely two were alike. The children had been allowed to help decorate, and every one was expected to have been boiled hard, very hard. Some were colored with the bright purple and blue and crimson dyes 'warranted to succeed'; and some had been left white, to be decorated with little gold and silver stars, or bands of colored paper, or tiny scrap-book pictures. Some, too, Aunt Agnes had painted very prettily; and mamma had added to the store some very precious ones made of chocolate, or pink sugar, or delicious nougat. They were hidden all over the house—in vases, behind pictures, under rugs, in bureau-drawers, behind curtains, dropped into coal-hods, and nestled into sofa corners, till mamma was afraid she should not remember herself where they all were.

When the guests were all assembled in the parlor, they were told the laws of the game. They could go all over the house, and look into any closet or drawer that was not locked (one of the mammas being stationed in each room, to see that Mrs. Leslie's bric-a-brac did not come to grief); but whenever anyone found an egg, he must bring it down to the parlor before looking for another. Each child had a separate nook in which to desposit all the eggs he found. The little American children did not quite understand, and felt very stiff and bewildered; but the little Germans understood perfectly, and laughed and nodded at each other in their impatience to begin. At the very first signal, little Fritz Ackermann threw himself flat on the floor, and with a shout of triumph drew out the first egg from behind the pedals of the piano. Now they all understood, and such scampering and shouting the Leslie house had never before known. The older people had to join in the search before they were all found; and then, after they had enjoyed the excitement of seeing who had discovered the most or the prettiest, all the eggs were thrown into one large basket again and divided evenly, that each child might be sure at least of one pretty and one funny one. Then mamma asked gravely if they had thought to look in the dining-doom. Of course, they had not; for those were the doors that some of them, in their experiments, had found locked. But now they opened suddenly, and on the large dining-table were forty little plates, and in each plate was a wonderful little nest, and in each nest was a beautiful white egg. But they soon discovered, with the aid of a spoon, that the nests were of spun sugar and the eggs of ice-cream; while the eggs in the silver cake-baskets proved to be frosted sponge-cake. On the sideboard was a very large egg made entirely of flowers; but as the children finished their ice-cream and began to get ready to go home, Mrs. Leslie showed them that the great egg was made entirely of little buttonhole bouquets. There was one for each of them, so that each could carry away one of those lovely, fragrant symbols of the renewed life that Easter celebrates.

THANKS FOR 'MESSENGERS' RECEIVED.

We have to thank the kind friends who so promptly responded to our request for a copy of the 'Northern Messenger' for Feb. 27, 1903. More copies have been received than we required, and if any in their desire to aid us have broken their own file for 1903, we will be glad to return the number on receipt of a request by postcard.

CANADIAN PATENTS.

The following patents have recently been made subject to the 'Compulsory License Clause,' through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Nos. 72,546, William Brandon, Kinsmore, Man., band cutters or feeders for grain separators or threshing machine; 72,721, P. J. M. Waslyng, Savanne, Ont., lifting and track aligning jack; 74,113, Frank Alex. Breeze, Forest Mills, Ont., spinning frame; 76,378, Jas. D. Somers, Wallaceburg, Ont., perambulator; 78,054, Frank A. Breeze, Forest Mills, Ont., spinning head; 79,037, Thomas S. Rath, Tweed, Ont., harvesting machine; 79,405, Dona Boisvert, Providence, R.I., self-propelling boat; 82,439, Dona Boisvert, Providence, R.I., electric semaphore.

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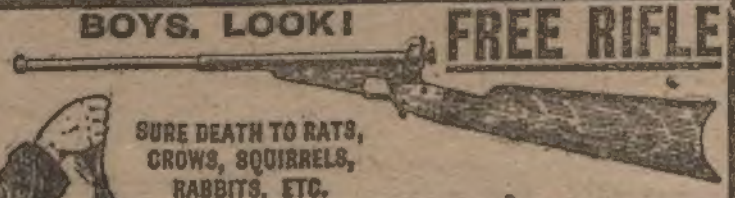

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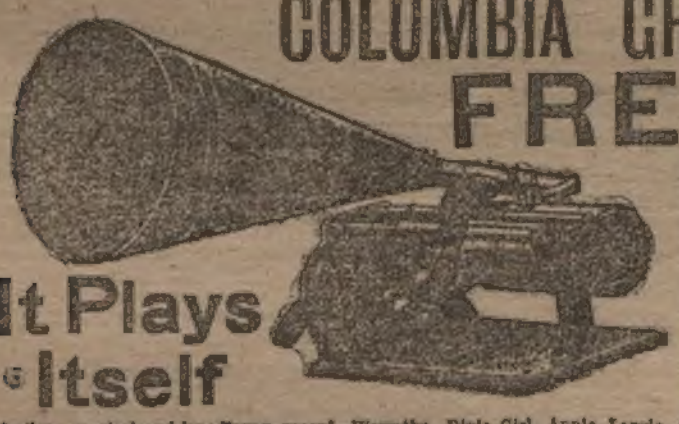

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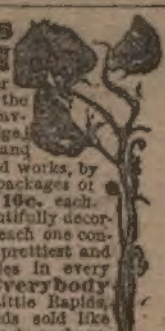

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full regulation size, made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **10c.** each only 14 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: "I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $3.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 410, TORONTO.**

Out This Week:
The 'World Wide' **CARTOON** NUMBER.
Ten cents a copy.
Stamps accepted.

Containing over One Hundred Comic Sketches and a War Map.
Also a Coupon worth Twenty-five Cents.
(Being one-third of a subscription to 'World Wide' to January, 1903. See foot note.)

AGENTS
Commissions and Prizes.

AGENTS WANTED in every county throughout Canada and elsewhere. Agents get 60 percent profits in cash, and may earn really valuable prizes, such as organs, bicycles, gold watches and libraries, **aggregating hundreds of dollars.**

Anyone—even boys and girls after school hours, could sell twelve copies of the Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons in a single hour.

15 copies sold at 10c each.....$1.20
12 copies cost the agent..... .50

Leaving a profit to agent..... .70

This in itself would be good pay for a couple of hours of pleasant work. But, besides this, there is the opportunity of winning valuable prizes as follows:—

PRIZES FOR THREE DOZEN.

To the agent who sells the first three dozen in his or her county will be given over and above the profit of $2.10 in cash, one of our splendid FOUNTAIN PENS or a watch, or books of the value of $1.50 to $2.00.

PRIZES FOR BIGGEST LIST.

Besides the rewards just mentioned, really fine bicycles, organs gold watches, or books of equal value will be awarded to those sending in the largest lists.

One such prize for village competitors
One such prize for town competitors.
One such prize for city competitors.

It will be seen at a glance that these prizes will be worth working for—and they will be carefully selected and of really good value.

The edition is now on the press and orders will be filled in rotation as received.

It will be quite safe for anyone to send for three dozen, enclosing therefor $1.50, which, as shown above, will yield a profit of $2.10 besides the chance of the county and general prizes.

ORDER FORM.

For the convenience of agents, the following form may be used.

.....1904

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal:

Please send me three dozen of your ten cent Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons, for which I enclose post-office order for $1.50, in full payment, and which I will sell at ten cents a copy; the entire proceeds to belong to me.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

OR THIS FORM

May be used for those who fear that they might not know how to go to work to sell three dozen, and yet would like to try it.

.....1904

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal:

Please send me six copies of your ten cent Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons, which I agree to sell as soon as possible after they arrive, at ten cents a copy, and to send you twenty-five cents in stamps as soon as I collect that amount.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

This small lot will ensure the agent 34 cents profit, but it will mean delay in getting further supplies.
Those who send for three dozen at once obviously have the best chance of winning the prizes.

Colored Cover Illustration. Special Paper.
Is exceedingly funny. A splendid hit.

A Most Laughable and Effective Review of the Year.

The Paris news stands and agents report that a similar collection of 1903 cartoons enjoyed a larger sale than any other publication in the French capital.

Single Copies, Ten Cents each. Stamps accepted.

All Orders filled in rotation as received. Address immediately,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

NOTE—This Magazine of Cartoons while complete in itself, is an annual feature of a 20 page weekly paper called 'World Wide,' issued at one dollar a year, and which contains besides the best Cartoons, the best articles that appear in the best British and American publications. This publication is in its fourth year and is endorsed by eminent men and women. Free Sample Copy will be supplied with every copy of Cartoon Magazine.

President Trotter writes—I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends.

Dr. S. E. Dawson writes—I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one which I read without skipping.

Prof. Rhodes writes—'World Wide' is a delight to me. Read every word.

Sir Algernon Coote, Bart., writes—I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic.

'World Wide' appeals to thinking people of all sorts and conditions. It is unbiased, giving both sides of the most interesting subjects. Its only mission is to select the best things that appear week by week in the best British and American publications, and pass them on to a wider circle of readers than would otherwise enjoy them.

Is your county being canvassed for the above?
Note the cash premiums and valuable prizes.

The Ship-boy's Grace.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen relates a story full of simple pathos in 'A Royal Birthday.'

He is describing the Christmas dinner on board ship—'Immense joints of roast beef, kids full of steaming potatoes, masses of that sailors' delight—boiled cabbage—and last, but certainly not least, two gigantic plum puddings.

'But just as they were about to commence their banquet, the boy who had been exceedingly busy bringing in the bounteous supply of food, said tremblingly, yet firmly, and to the astonishment of many of them: "If you please, may I say grace?"

'For a few moments there was utter silence, broken at last by a grizzled old Scotchman, who said: "Why, certainly, boy; go ahead." Several heads were bowed; some of the men played nervously with the handles of their sheath knives, bashfully, like men in the presence of a totally new order of things. But the boy, with strongly beating heart and heightened color, tightly closed eyes and faltering voice, said: "O Lord, bless this grub; bless the skipper for thinking of us; make us very thankful, and make us remember that this is Christ's birthday. We 'aven't thought much about him—least I 'aven't, Lord—but to-day millions of people all over the world are remembering it, and we won't forget it. Bless us all for his sake." And there was a muttered "Amen."

'That simple grace altered the whole course of events aboard the "Peter Graham." Not a man among them but was uplifted in heart and mind by the testimony of this humble little ship-boy.'—'Temperance Record.'

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'